

## fight god or become him

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## fight god or become him

by [honeyplease](#)

### Summary

*It is so odd, how his dreams mirror reality.*

*Dream's voice gets icy. "I'll warn you. If you're not with me, you're against me."*

*Or is it reality that mirrors his dreams?*

george wakes up from his dream of destroying the world. dream gives him the same offer as before.

### Notes

hello! i am brainrotting c!dnf after the craziness of george's stream

wanted to put a trigger warning for discussions of reality, dreams, and dissociation! if those topics are triggering for you, please keep yourself safe <3

edit: just submitted this to dream's reddit contest, a little nervous! my reddit there is honeyplease\_ :-) if you're here from that, enjoy!

double edit: oh..... my god

Fire. Ash and soot and silt. A burning lungful of air that coughs out in a smile.

George has never felt more alive than while reigning death.

It all seems to blur together somehow, impossibly. How can it be true that an hour ago he stood in front of Dream? That his former best friend had looked through him with haunted eyes and promised their future would be like their past? He knows how those hands, that face, that smile feels. He had never seen the rage in Dream's gaze directed at him like that before, but even when the arrow killed him, he didn't feel fear. He'd felt disbelief.

It was sickeningly satisfying to kill him back.

Even now, with flames crackling and the bones of his friends at his feet, he can feel the human thrum of betrayal pound between his eyes. He doesn't dwell on it. He is a god.

He takes all that he wants. He is more powerful than the earth itself - it bends to his will, it calls the heavens down to please him, it offers him what he thinks before he thinks it. The trees plant themselves for him to burn, the rain falls so that he can fly, arrows spit themselves from the ground, and the ground itself breaks open to reveal its paths. And again and again and again the world begs him to reset it.

What better thing is there than to destroy? It takes far too long to make things, he thinks. People will spend weeks, months, building their homes, but all it takes is a few TNT placed and a well-timed arrow and he can dissolve it in an instant. It frees up so much of one's time, to destroy.

Too much wrong has been done now. And isn't that freeing? It takes so much effort to try to fix things. Governments, people, relationships, and problems - debts owed and repaid, vengeance and instigation. How triflingly mundane it seems to picture it laid out. Who truly has the patience to plan, to break dirt, to pour the cement in? Who has the time to shake hands and give reparations?

Wouldn't it all just be easier to start anew?

George has heard of a place of legend in their world. Maybe in every world, but certainly in his. His world. It has a nice ring to it. A place of stone that doesn't break and magic that heals and guardians in the very earth. A beast to defeat. A reset. Can he not be both hero and villain? Why should he not be the valiant knight on the steed, when he was once the king who gave the orders? Why is he not allowed to be the dragon, too?

Callahan is too easy to kill, so he does it twice. Maybe he should've realized then, the oddity of a god who doesn't fight to keep it so. George knows he would.

He goes to find the stronghold. He finds a castle underground, fortified even in the bricks with protection and he stands in the doorway with another god. One who has been kind to him, one who trails behind him while he walks in the woods and gives him gifts so extravagant that they could never be repaid. One who has wiped away his tears upon reawakening more than once, even though he didn't understand the emotion.

Standing there though, on stones made cold by the flow of the ocean around them, he looks into DreamXD's face and history blurs. What parts of his memories are real, anyway? If he remembers something, but it didn't happen, does it still exist? Was it actually real, if it was to him?

DreamXD tries to stop him. Tries to scare him away with a play of power. He growls and spits words of lightning and he imposes and he breaks the very walls surrounding them. But the sword is already stained in blood and raw adrenaline flows in his veins, and when George looks up into DreamXD's face all he can see is the stolen image of a man who was once his best friend.

It really is surprisingly easy to kill gods.

Someone has been to the End before. There are scorch marks on the pillars. He can fly. He doesn't need to eat. He is drowning. He doesn't need air. He can conjure up anything into the tips of his fingers. He can kill a dragon easily. He laughs as he shoots. He grins as he slashes at scales.

He wakes up, and he is empty.

The silence is louder than his pounding heart. He stands from the bed, that stupid, inescapable blue bed that he sees in his dreams and in his reality, and oh god, oh him, he can't tell which is which anymore, can he? George's hands fumble through his bag, through his inventory, and comes up with nothing he had in his reign. He was a king. He was a god.

Was it real?

Every structure he razed is there when he runs past. Quackity lifts his hand in greeting when George slips, panting, on hot sand. He doesn't stop to chat, not when the most recent memory of Quackity's face in his mind is tinged with betrayal, pain, and fire.

He finds himself in front of the prison.

Like a nightmare, Dream is waiting for him.

George crests the hill, still short of breath. The wind whistles past his ears with no regard for the sanctity of the moment. With déjà vu mounting, he watches as a flaming arrow leaves the gateway of the prison, and strikes into the ground. A creeper moving, disjointed and hissing. He hears the echo of his other self asking where it came from.

Instead, when George hears a low, soft voice ask, "Did you miss me, George?", he doesn't jump.

He stands his ground. Maybe before, George had felt like prey, Dream circling around him, stalking, assessing. He tilts his chin up even higher than it was, instead. He draws his own sword but keeps it low, at his side. He has had a taste of power since then.

"You were gone a long time, Dream," George says carefully. He will follow their script as best as he can remember it.

George watches, fascinated, as the muscles in Dream's jaw tighten in anger.

"And yet you didn't visit me once." Dream spits.

George knows now, how he wants this to go.

"I tried," he lies. He has always been very good at lying. They slip from his tongue like poison, but they sound so like an antidote. "I asked and they wouldn't let me in."

Dream doesn't let go of his weapon, but his grip lessens slightly.

"What reason would they have to not let you in?" Dream growls lowly. "Sapnap was let in. Tommy was let in. Quackity too, many, *many* times."

George watches from the corner of his eye. "They seemed to think I would try to get you out." He says lightly. He feels his palm twitch around the hilt.

The grip slackens. "And would you have tried to?"

George meets his eyes intently, and he tucks his sword back into its holster at his waist. He is startled, almost, by the hope and hunger he sees in the green ones staring back at him. He has passed a test. He is not surprised by that part.

"Where are you living nowadays, George? We should... catch up." That voice, that tone of voice George knows so well. Dream only uses it in questions he already knows the answer to.

"I've been living in Kinoko Kingdom. Have you heard of it?" George replies easily.

The hunger in Dream's eyes hardens over. "I've heard of it, yes."

"And you want to destroy it?"

Dream blinks as if surprised that George knows so much about his motives. "Well, I mean - yes, but - "

So much of what has happened before remains the same. Once again, he feels reality slip through his fingers like water, like silk. George wonders if he's had the dream before. He wonders if it was then that he was awake. He wonders if he is awake right now.

George can't help but ask it, at least once.

"Was it real, Dream? Any of it?"

It is Dream's turn to squint in confusion. George is throwing him off balance. He had his own plan of how this would go, and George is sidestepping his blows. The light hits his hair and it doesn't shine like gold. It shines like ichor.

"Was any of what real, George? You're not making any sense."

"You killed me."

Dream scoffs. "I wouldn't kill you, George. You're my best friend."

George looks up at him through his lashes, really looks in a way he didn't last time. There are scars, so many more scars than before. Crisscrossing across his face, his hands, his arms. His hair is chopped roughly as if it had been long and was finally cut as soon as he could with whatever means necessary. His brow is lowered. He doesn't have his mask.

He has seen Dream shining. Dream with his battle strategies, hair pulled back from his eyes, charismatic and riveting and powerful. He has seen him in malice, cutting down the opposition, coldly delivering ultimatums, manic with blows and striking fear effortlessly. It has been a long time too, so long now that it *does* feel like a dream, but he has seen Dream gentle. Gingerly wrapping bandages around George's freshly calloused palms, a secret gift of white flowers tucked beside his bed, smiling at him brightly as he splashes through a glittering stream.

He doesn't know when any of those men became the one before him. But those men were the greatest that George has ever known, and there's a hole in his head and heart where the absence festers. A pain he has been desperate to ignore. The man in front of him isn't the Dream that was his best friend, no.

But this Dream knows the same power that George has tasted. He has felt the rush of tugging invisible strings to pull pieces along on his playing board. He has felt the ground rumble through with explosions, tasted teeth blackened with soot. And he has slaughtered and destroyed and razed and laughed, that wheezing, terrible laughter that used to come from joy.

Dream has always suffered from the human desire to be something else. Something more. And now, George understands.

Dream is growing impatient at George's lack of response. He shifts restlessly, items from his inventory passing idly through his hands. It is not a nervous habit. But George recognizes it as a common precursor to frustration and violence.

"Listen, George. You seem... to know what I want to do. So why don't you join me?"

He wants to hear Dream say it. "And what is it exactly you want to do?"

There's a pause, and Dream steps closer to him.

"Let's destroy Kinoko together." Dream murmurs. George can feel the heat radiating from his proximity. He smells like sweat and trees and rivers, and it isn't altogether unpleasant. "We can be a team. Just like old times."

It is so odd, how his dreams mirror reality.

Dream's voice gets icy. "I'll warn you. If you're not with me, you're against me."

Or is it reality that mirrors his dreams?

"I'll ask you one more time, George."

He can feel Dream's hot breath against his face.

"Are you with me?"

He thinks it's about to rain.

"Or are you against me?"

George looks at him steadily, not frightened by the glare of the ax, and how it flints the light into his eyes. He can still hear the echoes of explosions in his ears. He can still feel the way his blood sang with power.

If this one is a dream too, he would love to know how it ends.

"I'm with you."

thank you for reading, kudos and comments always appreciated <3

edit as of 5/26/22:

hi guys. oh my god. i checked my email inbox this morning and was like “oh wow nice new comment on my fic! oh another one? another.... HUH”

so so so honored to be spotlighted for the reddit contest i can’t even explain it <3 thanks so much to dream and the mods, this is insane.

it is also very overwhelming !! so i may have to come back to this once it’s calmed down a little ☺ i’m very grateful for all the kind words left here. thank you, thank you, thank you.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!